

*In the lower Regions the
infernal Spirits trem-
ble at the very Name
of God that created
the World.*



*The Atheist, in Time
of Health, laughs at
the Records of Sacred
Writ: At the Hour
of Death Conscience
awakes; the Man
trembles like Felix.*

THE
TORMENTS after DEATH.

DEDICATED to the
**PROTESTANT, GREEK and Ro-
MISH CHURCHES.**

Delivered in a CONFERENCE with a greater
PROFICIENT in the School of *Atheism* than
the late Earl of *ROCHESTER*.

This *Leviathan* died in greater Agonies of Despair than
FRANCIS SPIRA.

The Reason he gave for his Infidelity, he said, was the Doctrine of the Clergy, who teach
their Audience what Hell is not, and not what it really is.

To which are added,

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the Donors; and those that will be at the Charge of One Shilling and
Nine-pence, may make a Dinner to satisfy fourscore and four Persons.

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in Coals or other Fuel, to comfort Widows and Orphans, when the Days are short, and
the Nights cold and tedious.

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In the lower Regions
the infernal Spirits
tremble at the very
Name of God that
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The Atheist, in Time
of Health, laughs
at the Records of
Sacred Writ: At
the Hour of Death
Conscience awakes;
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like Felix.

A

DESCRIPTION OF THE

Nature and Diversity of Hell Torments.

DEDICATED to the

PROTESTANT, GREEK, and ROMISH
CHURCHES.

Delivered in a CONFERENCE with a greater PRO-
FICIENT in the School of *Atheism* than the late
Earl of ROCHESTER.

This *Leviathan* died in greater Agonies of Despair than
Francis Spira, the *Italian*: The Reason this Gentleman
gave for his Infidelity, he said, was the Doctrine of the
Universities, and Schools of Learning; who teach their
Audience what HELL is not, and not what it really is.

I Am obliged by Command of the deceased Gentleman to publish
this Piece. I have here brought in the principal Heads of every
Article that past in our Conference; tho' I have suited the Dis-
course, as if I was speaking to the Audience of every Kingdom and
State, and to all Persons in particular.

THIS Modern *Leviathan* died in greater Agonies of Despair, than
Francis Spira; his Parts, his Learning, his Politeness, and Argu-
ments exceeded those of that *Italian*. This Infidel may be recorded
as a Prodigy of the Age, in his Life and in his End.

SOME Hours before his Departure, he laid a strict Injunction upon me to draw up the chief Arguments that pass between us, and to present the Work to the Reverend Clergy of all Persuasions.

THE Reason he gave for his Infidelity, he said, was the Doctrine of the Universities, and Schools of Learning; who teach their Audience what Hell is not, and not what it really is: And indeed I have thought for many Years, that our Divines have err'd in that very Point, which I fear hath rather added Profelites to Atheism, than any ways serv'd to extinguish the Midnight Councils of those Leviathans. They now appear in all Companies and Conversations, to corrupt the Minds and Morals, even of the learned and wisest Part of Mankind.

IN Duty to my God, and to the Church militant, I have drawn this Scene of Atheism, in all the lively Colours that my Thought or Genius could conceive, or my Pencil describe; so that if by any means I may extirpate, from off the Face of the whole Earth, the very Seeds of Infidelity; and establish the Catholic Creed in all Churches and Congregations in the Universe; then *Jews, Turks, and Pagans* may be converted, and have Faith in a Crucified *Messias*, who suffer'd upon the Bleeding Cross without the Gates of *Jerusalem*, and there sweat Drops of his most precious and innocent Blood, for the sake of all Living Mortals who ever did or ever shall own and practise his holy Rules and Precepts.

I NOW come to present the Scene, which draws a Veil of Darkness over the greatest part, if not all the Christian World, especially this my native Country.

To enter upon the Subject, puts a sudden Stop to my Meditations, I can scarce hold the Pencil in my Hand to draw the first Line. For,

I FIND Images, the Likeness of the Creator, that breathe in a free Air, deny the Being who framed the Universe, who by his Almighty Power holds in his Hand the Axis of the Globe, and who, to our great Surprise and Wonder, winds up Time as a Clock, and tells us, like a repeating or striking Watch, how our Days, Hours, Minutes and Moments, together with all visible Beings, glide on to their final Period.

MY Work, entitled *the Meditations of a Divine Soul* (ten thousand Copies of which have been sold at Four Shillings each) contain several Tenets of Atheism; and now I have an Opportunity of drawing up many more Articles on the same Subject.

THE Gentleman, with whom I had the Conference, was bless'd with admirable Endowments, but his great Misfortune was to be tainted with atheistical Principles, which occasion'd many Disputes between us, the chief of which are here produced.

THE Gentleman ask'd me what I meant by owning a God. I answer'd, it was one main Article of the Christian Faith, and that, if he pleas'd, I would tell him more particularly what God was. What (said he) are you wiser than *Simonides*? who being asked by the King of *Sicily*, what God was, he demanded a whole

“ Day

Day to consider of it, which being expired, he desired two Days more to take the Matter into farther Consideration ; after the Expiration of which, he still requested three other Days, and at last had no other Answer to return to the King but this, The more he mused upon it, the more he might ; for the farther he busied himself in searching into this Matter, the farther he still was from finding it out."

AGAIN, (says he) *Plato* argued in like Manner concerning the Deity, saying, What God is I know not. No doubt, urged my Friend, but these men were more refin'd in their Notions, and had better Experience in the Knowledge of God, than you can pretend to.

My Reply was, That the citing those two Authors would avail him nothing, and that he took them both in the wrong Sense, for they never disown'd the Being of a Supreme Power, but acknowledg'd they were not capable of comprehending or defining what God was, much less of representing him to the Eye of human Reason ; for, *Plato* says, what he is not, that I know.

BUT my Design is to shew what God is : Then I affirm him to be a Spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his Essence, Wisdom, Power, Holiness, Justice and Truth. Nevertheless, this great God, whom I am now discoursing of, condescends so far as to take cognizance of all the Actions of human Creatures, and has revealed his Mind to Mankind.

He is a glorious God, full of Perfection and Blessedness ; he is all-sufficient in himself, without any Measure, Bounds or Limits ; he fills Heaven and Earth with his Power and Majesty ; he is a God that is present at all Times, and in all Places ; he was from all Eternity, is now, and ever shall be, World without End ; he is without any Manner of Diminution or Alteration, never changing his Will, although he can alter his Work without the Change of his Purpose ; he is all Eye to see, and Ear to hear ; and will one Day be all Hand to punish those daring Mortals that even surpass in Malice the infernal Fiends, who own a God and tremble at his Presence : Then he will exact a strict Account of all those that presume to call in Question his unlimited Power, more particularly exerted in the creating of all Things out of nothing, or that disown his infinite Being ; he is just in all his Decrees and Sentences ; a terrible God to those that fall under his Indignation, but plenteous in Goodness to those that believe his divine Attributes, and more especially free in Grace to those that come to him for Indulgence, through the Merits of his only Son Jesus Christ.

THE Gentleman reply'd, that these were common Notions, and only Maxims of State, to keep the World in a regular Discipline ; that the most refined Politicians had infused them into the Minds of others, and that by a long Succession of Ages they were so generally received by the credulous and unthinking Part of Mankind, that they

became, as it were, a second Nature, and no Arguments were sufficiently strong to dissuade Men from embracing those Principles. But if you are so wise (says he) as to know what God is, pray discover me how you can be certain there is such a Being.

I MADE Answer, that the Being of God was plainly demonstrated by his Works and Wonders, such as the admirable Frame of the Heavens and the Earth, the Sun, the Moon, and Stars; by the various Changes and Revolutions that happen in the World, by the wonderful Peace that constantly attends the good Actions of every Man in Life, and the dreadful Horrors that seize on the vital Spirits of those that wilfully transgress the Righteous Laws of Heaven. It appeared that there is such a Being as a great and mighty God, as well by the Testimony of the Holy Scripture, as by the general Consent of Nations both Barbarous and Civilized.

THE Gentleman reply'd, that there was some shew of Reason in the Subject I had now been discoursing of: He ask'd me if I had anything more to say upon this Head, that he might be farther satisfied of the Original of the World; and that it did not proceed from natural Causes, as was his Opinion, and that of many who bore the Character of great and learned Men in this and former Ages.

MY Answer was: I doubted not but I should convince him and the politest Man now living, that the World was created by a supreme Being, and that it was not, as he and other Scepticks vainly fancy, the Jumbling of Atoms, or any other Natural Cause.

IF your Society (says I) affirms there is no God, tell me what it is that supports this mighty Fabrick of the Universe, where thou livest, movest, and hast thy Being; shew me the Reason of the ebbing and flowing of the vast Ocean, or what it is that keeps its boisterous Waves within their due Bounds.

LET me know why the Moon should have a greater Influence on the Waters, and human Bodies, than that glorious Luminary which shines by Day, or the Millions of Stars that appear by Night. Tell me who it was that created the first Man, or by whose Power he came to breathe; if thou say'st he sprung out of the Earth by Nature, why does not that Nature produce more of the same kind, without the mutual Correspondence of different Sexes? Otherwise, bring me but one solid Argument, to prove that it is Nature, and nothing else, which makes such a visible Distinction in every Face, tho' we are apparently made of the same Shape and Form.

WAS it Nature that prompted *Baynam* the Martyr, when he declared at the Stake, to the Multitude of Spectators, that he felt no more Pain in the Flames, than in a Bed of Down; nay, added he, *'Tis sweet to me as a Bed of Roses.*

WAS it Nature that excited Bishop *Ferrer* to tell the People, before he went to the Place of Execution, to this Effect; *If I stir in the Fire, believe not my Doctrine*; and accordingly he remain'd fix'd and unmoved in the midst of all his Tortures.

Now I peremptorily challenge thee, O daring Atheist, to bring me over one single Instance, that an Unbeliever did at any time convince the World by a Miracle, that there is no God; nay, thou art altogether ignorant of the Productions of Natural Causes; for canst thou explain the manner how the Embrio is form'd in its Mother's Womb, how its various Limbs are brought to their perfect Shape, how it proceeds every Minute in its insensible Growth, how its Nourishment is received and distributed to all the Parts of that dark Prison, and how at last it forces its way through the Bars of it to breathe in a free Air? Or canst thou make it appear by what means the Soul is infused into the human Body, how it exercises its several Faculties in those secret Recesses, or how it operates on the Animal Spirits? Nay, canst thou give me an Account of the Vegetation of Plants, or shew how the Grass grows under thy Feet.

BUT farther, If thou sayest there is no supreme and omnipotent Being, how comes it to pass that the most Part, if not all those of your Profession are in so great a Consternation when they come within the Prospect of Eternity? Are ye wiser than all the rest of Mankind in time of Health, and such Fools when ye come to die, as to discover so many Signs of Fear, Horror and Amazement!

ONE of the greatest Proficients in that mad Learning could not forbear owning at last, that when Reason is against a Man, then a Man will be against Reason. Another Classick Author in the School of Atheism, when he lay on his Death-Bed, cry'd out for a Light, and a Guard to watch with him, lest the Devil should tear him to Pieces.

ANOTHER eminent Atheist being just ready to expire, one ask'd him what he now thought of God? whereupon he reply'd; *I am altogether in the dark.* And 'tis also reported, that *Hobbes*, that famous *Leviathan* of *Malmsbury*, drawing near his End, let fall the like Expression, saying, *Now I am about to fetch a leap in the dark.*

BESIDES these Persons, I could name the Earls of *Rochester* and *Pembroke*, with many others, who before their Death were fill'd with Amazement at the Thoughts of their Infidelity and unaccountable Course of Life.

AFTER my above-mentioned Friend had given Ear for some Time to my Discourse, he frankly own'd I had made some Impression upon him.

I TOLD him, I look'd upon an *Atheist* fit for the Conversation only of the Crazy and Lunatick; and that I admired that Gentlemen, who value themselves on account of their Politeness, Philosophy and Education, should make so weak a Mistake as to fancy all Things were first confusedly huddled together, and placed by mere Chance in the excellent Order as they now appear, without the Assistance of a Supreme Power. I ask'd him how absurd were all his Notions concerning the Creation of the World!

WILL now (says I) confute your erroneous Opinion by the following familiar Instances.

SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE a thousand of green Leaves were torn to pieces, and shaken in a Bag, then let the most inquisitive Naturalist observe whether some lucky future Chance will bring their separate Particles together again so as to appear in their former Shape, and as entire as when they were growing on the Tree.

AGAIN ; Suppose a Flight of Birds, taken in a Snare, to be hoodwink'd, and let fly one by one every Minute, let the most discerning Judgment consider whether Fortune or natural Causes is capable of ordering the business so wisely, that they all meet the next Morning tho' blind, in the usual Manner, on a certain Bush, or little Hedge.

THESE Miracles are far more likely to happen, (a thousand times over) than that the vast Fabric of the Universe should be so made by mere Chance, without the Help of an infinite Being, or that by natural Light should spring out of Darkness, to bring forth the whole Race of Man and all other living Creatures ; to appoint a regular Succession of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter ; to frame the yonder Element in the visible Heavens, and to fix there the Stars with the rest of those high Orders.

DID natural Causes dig the Grave of the deep Ocean, and distill so much Water as to fill up its deep unfathomable Caverns ? Can Nature set its Bounds, or is it possible that the Sea should make so prodigious a Cavity of its own Accord ? Can Nature command the Clouds to weep such Floods of Tears as may serve to fill up that empty Space, or even to let fall such a quantity of Rain, to supply those numerous Rivers that run into the Channels of the vast Ocean ? Can Nature cause the Rocks to usher out Streams, and raise Fountains under the Surface of the Earth, to fill the Springs that diffuse themselves through the hidden Windings of the Earth, and run down the little Rivulets in silent Streams, to quench the Thirst of living Beings ?

Is it Nature that first created the Multitude of airy Inhabitants which fly in the liquid Air, or that first gave a Being to the Fishes who take their Ranges through the unseen Paths in the Ocean and the little Rivers ? Canst thou so much as traverse the crooked Ways of the industrious Ant, that runs in the Day-time to her Chambers, loaded with her Winter Provisions.

IF (says I) your Society of *Atheists* cannot in your Councils perform so much as this one Act of the Ant, disband yourselves, retire in secret, and be seen no more.

AFTER the Gentleman had attended some time longer to my Discourse, he own'd that my Arguments were strong : But urg'd, suppose they were Truth, yet he could not be induced to believe that there was any Heaven prepared for good Men, or a Hell for Reprobates ; and that his Opinion of the Deity was, that as for any Concern about Matters of Religion, he took it to be a needless Trouble, neither could he be persuaded of a divine Providence that rules over the World, or is in any wise interested in the Management of sublunary Affairs ; adding

that such a glorious and mighty Being as I had described, was not to be moved by the Petitions of so frail a Creature as Man.

I ANSWER'D: I was surpris'd to see a Gentleman of his Parts and Learning entertain so mean an Opinion of an omnipotent Being and all-seeing God. Nay, I told him he plainly confuted himself, for if my former Arguments had convinced him of a supreme Deity that reigns in Glory, he must needs attain to the Belief, that he is most wise and mighty. Then it follows, that God will be pleas'd with Mankind, who so much resembles himself; since Truth and Goodness are to be found in some measure in a rational Creature, but most transcendently in God. Therefore it may reasonably be inferr'd, that God will condescend so low as to hear the Prayers of those that come to him with a full Belief of his infinite Mercy, and that there is a Reward for all good Men in a future State, and a Place of endless Pain for the Vile and Vicious; so that whatever he might think to the contrary now, he would find it to be the natural Result of such Courses of Life, as well as the Justice of God, in rewarding the Righteous, and afflicting the Wicked, according to their respective Actions.

BUT to render the Matter still more intelligible, he that once admits the Being of a God, who created all things out of a confused Chaos, and an empty Space, must needs allow that he takes a particular care of all Beings of his own Creating, which were the Work of six Days. It is evident, it can be no manner of Difficulty for so high an Order as God is, to observe the Thoughts and Actions of Man. His Word alone without any farther Trouble can govern the World with a strict and regular Discipline. Then what reasonable Person can imagine (except a weak Atheist) that this original Fountain of Wisdom in the Abstract should raise so noble a Fabrick as the Works of Nature, and at the same time take no Thoughts about it, but let all go to Ruin and Confusion. Concerning which Point I thus deliver'd my Thoughts to the Gentleman: " Was God to withdraw his Hand from underneath our Globe of Earth, in that very Instant the Sun would be eclipsed, the Moon veil'd, the Stars clouded, the Element darken'd, and the whole Universe, and all the high Powers that now appear to our view, would immediately sink and fall down into its original Chaos, a mere nothing.

As soon as I had ended, my Friend seem'd to be in a Study. In a few Minutes he answer'd, I will grant, that there is a God who created the Universe, and a Providence that now rules upon the Earth: But if sacred Writ be the Word of Truth, as you say it is, wherein does infinite Goodness and Mercy consist, to punish his own Image, Man, to eternal Ages, only for a few natural Errors, committed in this momentary Scene of Life? The Pain to be inflict'd is no less than to dwell in everlasting Fire. These are the very Words of sacred Writ; and your Divines tell the Audience, in their Discourses, that our material Fire here on Earth is nothing in Comparison to the Burnings of Hell.

SIR, says he, if you fail in answering this very Article to the Satisfaction of our Council of *Atheists*, as you are pleased to call us, all that you have hitherto said of the Greatness and Forgiveness of God to his Creatures will avail you little ; your Doctrine will then overturn the Faith of your Church Militant, and establish the Opinions of our Society, that there is no God, no Providence, no Heaven, and no Hell.

I ANSWERED : If Man was to live for ever, he would sin for ever, and violate the righteous Laws of his God ; and that I found he had little Knowledge in sacred Record, but took the Texts as the Words run, without any farther expounding, or Consideration of their true Sense and Meaning.

SIR (continued I) you fancy you have started a Question which is unanswerable. But the God, in whom I believe, hath instructed me so far as to expound his Word, and give you a satisfactory Reply concerning his Justice in punishing Man to Eternity. I doubt not but what I am going to treat of will convince your whole Council of *Atheists* of your weak Arguments now proposed to me, tho' you think them very strong and nervous. I also believe, and may reasonably expect, that the Doctrine I here lay down, may be of use to all the Universities and Schools of Learning in *Europe*. I say, they have erred in the Article I am going to treat of ; and, in my Opinion, have not in their Writings and Sermons, kept up to the strict Rules of the *Bible*. I doubt not but I shall strike you silent, and that my Argument will be of such Force as not to be answered, either by you, or the *Protestant, Greek and Romish Churches*. And now I come to shew what the Punishments of Hell really are, and what they are not.

I do not know but the Truths I am going to deliver may be resented by many, who value themselves upon account of their Understanding in Scripture Knowledge, and the *Greek and Hebrew Languages* ; and so much the more, because I never took Orders in the Church, nor have either Philosophy or Learning equal with them. However, I can't die in Peace, till I have deliver'd my Thoughts upon this very important Subject.

I TOLD the Gentleman, I could not vindicate the Justice of the great God in a more proper and distinguishing Manner, nor act a better Part for the Salvation of immortal Souls, than by shewing what the Punishments of Hell really are ; not Fire nor Brimstone ; not Furnaces of Lead, nor Coppers of boiling Oil ; tho' it is true, the State of Hell is represented in Scripture by everlasting Burnings, by Brimstone, and many other Metaphors of the like Nature.

SEVERAL ancient and modern Divines, of this and other Nations, have undertaken to describe Hell as a Place of material Fire ; they have proceeded so far as to affirm, that there is as much Difference between the scorching Flames of Hell and those that are felt on Earth, in our material Fire, as there are between a painted and real Fire.

I HAVE heard Ministers, of all Persuasions, especially the Dissenters, tell their Audience, that to be cast into a Cauldron of boiling Lead is but a Flea-bite, a little Sting, in Comparison of the infernal Furnace, where wicked Reprobates shall suffer endless Pains to all Eternity. Good God! what a sort of Doctrine is this, to teach in our Cathedrals, Churches and Meeting-Houses! what does this Doctrine make the eternal God to be! who, in the very Abstract, is Goodness, Mercy, Pity, Forbearance, and Forgiveness; my Flesh even trembles when I hear the Almighty charged with Severities that divest him at once of all his divine and excellent Attributes.

To apply an Allegory: Should we see an earthly Monarch take a Traitor, guilty of the highest and blackest Crimes, and torture him with red-hot Irons in several Parts of his Body every Day, for the space of three Months only, should not we record this Prince, in our own Breast, cruel and tyrannical? It would divest him of all Clemency, Pity and Mercy. The Application is easy, and the Emblem just.

I TAKE the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield*, tho' I dissent from him in Opinion, to be a well-meaning Man, one that aims at the Conversion of Souls; but my Thoughts are, he wants Consideration and Conduct in his Discourses; his Elevations of Spirit are rather Enthusiasm, than true and sound Doctrine; as hath already appeared by many of his Disciples being seized with Despair, and too many, I fear, with the Disease of Distraction.

I UTTERLY dissent from all severe Doctrines; and am not for running weak Minds into Madhouses; as, God knows, hath been frequently done in Sermons delivered from the Pulpit, in the present and former Ages.

My Conceptions of Hell are the Reverse of the Doctrines I have heard in Churches and Meeting-Houses. The Precepts I shall lay down, in respect to the State of Hell, I hope will be taken as a farther Confirmation of the *Old* and *New Testament*, and extirpate those blind Notions that serve only to perplex the Spirits of good Men, and to countenance *Atheists* in their Infidelity.

I THINK it must of necessity be acknowledged, that many Passages of sacred Writ are prophetic, some parabolical, and others mystical. In several Places Hell is represented to our View in the likeness of Things here on Earth, that it may the better reach our Capacities: Thus it couches the Description of Hell, under several figurative Expressions.

THE Emblems presented in Scripture are recorded to suit our Apprehensions, and for no other End. Therefore I shall keep close to the Scope and true Meaning of the Gospel of Jesus Christ; and I cannot but promise myself, that what I have to deliver will effectually remove many Doubts in wavering and unstable Hearts, as to the Punishments

nishments in Hell, which they look upon with great Dread and Horror, and cannot explain the Text, their Capacities will not take it in.

HERE I must profess, I neither do, nor ever did believe, since I came to the knowledge of a Man, that there was, is, or ever shall be, any material or other Fire made use of in the lower Regions for the everlasting Punishment of frail Man, on account of a few Errors acted in a short and momentary Life, tho' he does sin more than seven times a Day.

I TAKE Hell to be in all Places where God is absent, both in the present and in the future State; I take Hell to be a guilty and wounded Conscience. And this undoubtedly proves, that there is a Hell to punish the Wicked in this World, and another when Time shall be no more; one is of a short Duration, the other to endless Ages.

I WILL endeavour to shew, with all the Perspicuity imaginable, what the Pains of an eternal Hell are; and that will describe to the meanest Capacities what a temporal Hell is, a fear'd and wounded Conscience.

HAVING laid down my Opinion, that there never was, is, or shall be, any material or other Fire in Hell, to punish Sinners in the unseen Life, my Reasons for it are these:

THE Soul of Man is a Breath of Life infused by an Almighty Being, and not a bodily Substance, that is capable of undergoing any Misery by corporal Pains, of what Kind soever they may be supposed to be. It is certain, God ordain'd corporal Punishment for material and mortal Beings, and not for immaterial and immortal Spirits.

I HAVE often admired, that Men, otherwise of sound Judgment, should depart so far from the true Sense and Meaning of the *Holy Bible*, as to hold, that there is a material or any other Fire in Hell to be inflicted upon undone Souls; and, indeed, it is so great a Contradiction to Divinity and sound Reason, that I take it to be an absurd Error, much of the same Nature with that of the *Romish Church*, who blindly believe Transubstantiation, and I know not what middle State of Purgatory. Neither is there any Occasion to make Hell worse than it really is, or for Divines to persuade the Audience there is something in Hell, which, upon due Examination, will be found to have no real Existence.

WE may as well treat of the true Nature of Hell as of what it is not, which would tend much more to extinguish the Principles of *Atheists* than a different Practice.

THERE is no Text, in the *Old* or *New Testament*, that speaks of any material Fire in Hell, or that lost Souls are to be tormented in the future State with the same Tortures that are inflicted on Flesh and Blood. I could bring other Arguments to establish this Doctrine; but, I think, those already produced are sufficient to be laid before a Body of Divines, and what, I think, cannot be answer'd by either of our Universities.

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THE Soul of a Reprobate undoubtedly enters into the State of Hell immediately after it hath left the Body; for my Opinion is, that in the very Moment we cease to breathe, the Spirit takes its Flight directly to God's private Bar of Justice, there to receive its final Verdict of Acquittance or Condemnation; the Soul will then know the Fate that must attend it.

I WILL now lay down my Sentiments what the Pains of Hell will be after the final Resurrection of the Dead, and the general Judgment and Day of Reckoning are over.

AT this great Assize the Righteous will be separated from the Wicked, and the incorruptible Body united to its immortal Spirit. At the Time that grand Sessions shall break up, and the holy Judge, the sacred Trinity, dissolve the tremendous Tribunal, what Scene will then appear! The condemn'd will enter into the Prison, their everlasting Habitation, and the Gate shut, never to be open'd more: Then the spacious Curtain will be drawn over those amazing and gloomy Clouds; a Night that shall never dawn to Day; an Eternity that will find no Period; a Space of Ages that will pass on never to be spent; Nights that can't be number'd. What is this Scene but the thick Vallance of Heaven, to overshadow those confin'd Prisoners from the Sight of the glorious Regions where God reigns!

THIS is the description of Hell; there are no Burnings, but the immaterial Strings of Conscience. Was I a Divine, and should teach any other Doctrine than this, I fear my Discourses would make but few Profelytes. Hell is only the withdrawing the Almighty's Presence and Favour; and where the divine Essence can't be found, we may know what the Pains of that eternal State will be, in the Abyss of Darkness, by our own Experience here on Earth. If my Mind, which is my Soul, is fill'd with Guilt and Confusion, I am miserable, let my Coffers be ever so full of Treasure.

If my Mind, which is the infused Breath of Christ, be possessed with Peace and Joy, I am really happy; and it is to me an earthly Paradise, tho' my Circumstances go not beyond the Sphere of just the Necessaries of Life. This is an Emblem of the Streams of Pleasure the Righteous will be entertain'd with, when their Spirits arrive beyond the Firmament and glittering Stars: This is an Emblem what shall be the entertainment of the Guilty in the unseen Prison of thick Darkness.

HAD I begun and ended my Discourse of the Pains to be endured in the invisible Hell, and described the Rewards of Virtue and Innocence in the invisible Heaven, these few Lines are so clear and full, that they may satisfy the Learned as well as the Illiterate in their Principles what are the Joys of Heaven, and what are the Pains of Hell, in both Worlds.

At the end of my Discourse I ask'd the Gentleman what Answer he had to return; he said, he was now convinced that my Doctrine

was

was true and agreeable to sound Reason, and was not to be confuted either by the Council of *Atheists*, or by the whole Body of Divines. My Philosophy (says he) can't contradict this Article, it is beyond my Sphere to dispute any longer with you.

HAD your Clergy preach'd up this Doctrine, I had never been an *Atheist*; for I ever took it to be inconsistent with Reason that frail Man was to dwell in everlasting Fire, made hotter than a Furnace of boiling Lead.

SIR, says he, it is now too late for my Soul to obtain Salvation, I am damn'd for ever. Cursed be the Day when I call'd into Question the tremendous Being. Cursed be the Hour that I disown'd God, who created the Heavens and the Earth. Cursed be the Moment when I breath'd or came into this naked World; I have sinn'd with *Judas*, and cannot repent. Here he took his Leave of me in Agonies of Despair.

I HEARD no farther from him till he received his Summons to die. At Midnight he sent for me, to come and make a Visit in his last Moments. I arose and went, and he embraced me in his Arms with the affections of a Friend.

SIR, said he, I have committed the Sin against the Holy Ghost, and that can't be forgiven in neither World. I have sinned against the Light of Nature, I have sinned against my Jesus, and I have sinned against the Conflicts of my own Thoughts. In the interim a Divine came in; upon which I retired. The next Morning I made him another Visit, and from that time I attended him three or four Hours every Day, till the time he was translated into a lifeless Image void of Motion, void of Pulse, and void of Breath.

DURING my Visits, through Divine Mercy he had his Senses preserved in a wonderful Manner. When I came the second time, which was on a Sabbath-day, I ask'd him what made him so dejected in his Spirits? Lift up your Soul (says I) to the Habitation of your God, there is Mercy to be obtain'd, tho' your Sins are innumerable, even more than the Hairs of your Head. Dread not to leave this Vale of Misery and the Conversation of Sinners; their Company clouds the Soul, and throws the Mind and Spirit into an Eclipse.

ALAS! (says he) I am not afraid to die; I could meet Death with as much Courage as I have encounter'd an Enemy in the Field of Battle, and embrace it as freely as ever I did any Friend whom I entirely lov'd; for tho' I have great earthly Possessions, I see nothing in this visible State that is worth the Pains of keeping.

I HAVE been wise and foolish; in my Youth I was sober and virtuous, in my middle Age I have been vile and vicious: Now I discern the Difference between a Believer and an *Atheist*. My strongest Arguments at our Conference were no more than the Fallacy of a few airy Repartees, not capable to elude a thinking Man. Had I been sensible in time of Health, of the Consequence of *Atheism*, I had never endured

endured the Convictions that now lie heavy upon my Spirits: They sink me down below myself, they are heavier than I can utter, or you are capable to conceive.

I SURVEY beyond a temporal Death: The Dread you perceive in me derives from the near Approach I make to the Night of Darkness, veil'd from the Eye of my God, and the Eye of my Jesus.

I TOLD him, if he did not fall into Agonies of Despair (the deepest Hell) Christ's Merits were sufficient to atone for his Atheism; his Blood was spilt to save the Soul of *Judas* (who first denied, and then betray'd him) on Condition he had humbled himself at the Throne of Grace for Mercy.

I INTREATED him to disperse those black Clouds that struck such amazing Thoughts in his Mind: Despair (says I) is the Torment of confin'd Souls in Hell, that never expect to be released out of the everlasting Dungeon.

AT these Expressions the Gentleman sigh'd: Oh! Sir (says he) I am lost for ever, my Pain can never be greater when I come to dwell with the Damn'd: my Soul is now so wounded that it must die; I shall never see the Face of Christ, till he assigns me over to the Regions that you described to me in our Conference.

HERE the Gentleman stopt, his Eyes distill'd Water: how shall I (says he) be able to endure the Stings of my atheistical Principles? how shall I be able to undergo the Remembrance of my vicious Course of Life? How shall I be able to live in an Abyss of Despair? My Crimes far exceed those of *Francis Spira*: He was never so wicked as I have been; he never entertained such Thoughts of God as I have done: If there are any Distinctions or Degrees in Hell, I shall swim in lower Streams of Misery than the *Jews*, who crucified the Son of God, and put him to an open Shame.

THESE Agonies of Despair pierc'd my very Soul; they rais'd Passions in me not to be express'd. I sat silent for some Minutes, before I return'd an Answer. I run thro' many Texts of Scripture, to know what Words were most suitable to the Gentleman's Case. At last I spoke, and bid him believe and rehearse the Articles of the Christian Faith. I bid him repent, and prepare to receive the sacred Elements, to eat that divine Bread and drink that generous Wine, in remembrance of what was done for him at the Tree, without the Gates of *Jerusalem*. Look (says I) on that bloody Cross, and say with the Sinner that then was crucified with his God; *Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom*; whose Answer was, *This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise*.

THIS Malefactor was one Minute an Atheist in Christ, an unbelieving *Jew*; the next a Christian Penitent; and in a moment his Pardon was seal'd and his Soul gone to the Regions of Glory, to reign with Jesus. I told him, there was still the same God, still the same Saviour, still the same Forgiveness, and still the same Mercy to be found upon his Faith in the Gospel.

SIR

SIR (says he) my Life, my Conversation, my Company, my Thoughts, have been such Floods of Wickedness, such Streams of Iniquity, that they went beyond the Merits of Christ to pardon.

I DESIRED him not to suffer his Despair to run higher than that of *Francis Spira*, or any Atheist recorded in the Histories of past Ages: Remember *Thomas* the Apostle (says I) he was one of the twelve Disciples, an Unbeliever as well as you; his Crimes were little less than Atheism; he call'd in question the Resurrection of Christ, and would not be establish'd in the Faith, till he thrust his Hand into the wounded Side of his holy Jesus; he would not believe, till he saw the Prints of the Nails in his sacred Hands and Feet: Nevertheless, his Saviour had compassion on his Infirmitities, and brought him to the Truth of what he before doubted: If you perish, (says I) let it be at the Pool of *Bethesda*, or at the Throne of God's Goodness and Mercy.

THE Gentleman answer'd, that the Ark of Mercy could never be thrown open to him, who had argued for many Years so strongly against the Being and Work of his Creator.

SIR (said he) my Crimes are so numerous, that I can't disperse the Thoughts of Despondency; tho' I should prostrate myself never so low at the Feet of Jesus, and there weep Day and Night for ten thousand Hours (and I have scarce so many Minutes to live) how can I then look up for Salvation, and hope for Pardon?

I TOLD him a Change tho' late would be accepted, and that he might be certain of Salvation; for that the Treasury of Christ's Mercy was never exhausted, and the Fountain of his Blood could never be spent.

SIR (says I) what you do must be done presently. I find the time of your Dissolution is near. Instantly strive, summons up the principal Articles of Faith, overcome that Spirit of Delusion which suggests to you there is no Pardon, no God to be reconciled, and that your Sins are of too deep a scarlet Dye, to be blotted out of the Book of Life; cast away those despairing Thoughts, they are the cunning Devices of the grand Enemy of Man's Salvation.

SIR (says he) the time of Grace is gone, take no compassion of my Soul, nor wrestle any longer with the Almighty in Prayer for me a vile Atheist, a Monster in Nature. I feel the Wrath of Heaven oppress me, my Calamities are great, they lie heavy upon my Soul. I am already as much in Hell, as if I was in that beyond the Grave; there can be no hotter Hell than this I now endure. Equal not your Sorrows with mine, the Time is short, in a little while my Spirit will be gone to the Regions you represented to me of lost Souls clouded in Darkness, hid from the Twilight of the Day; a Night never to dawn: Now (says he) my Breath comes short, my Spirits are faint, and my Mind perplex'd; the Agonies of Despair are upon me, the Pains of Death have seiz'd my Nerves; I am retiring to my last Port, and near my Arrival at the Gate of Eternity.

ETERNITY,

ETERNITY, Eternity! that long Eternity! O profound Eternity! how shall I measure thy Dimensions? where shall I go to find an End of Eternity? am I to sink down the Eddies of Eternity, and never find a Period, never see an End of my Sufferings! is this to be my Habitation! is this the Reward of Atheism! is this the Portion of Unbelievers in Christ! is this the Recompence of Sin! What! tho' there is no Fire to burn, there is a Conscience to sting; Pains sufficient for the Frailties of Man's short Life.

Now (says he) I am at the point of my Journey's End; I stand on the very brink of Eternity, at the Gate of that Hell, in which you vindicated the Justice of God in not punishing his Images with everlasting Fire and Burnings; Tortures (according to your Clergy) inferiour to that of being broiled upon a Gridiron, or chained in a Furnace of boiling Lead. I never look'd upon that Doctrine to consist with Divine Mercy. I am damn'd, in that I arraign'd that high Power, and call'd his Divine Attributes into Question. Why did not God call back that Hour, that Minute, and that Moment, when I first started my atheistical Questions to you? and why did I not then instantly perish and die? The Answers you gave me in our Conferences may keep Millions of Souls out of everlasting Destruction. The Arguments you then presented will live to the last Generations; they will stand as Records, till Time centers in Eternity: Now the Church Militant will teach your Doctrine, that there is no material nor any other Fire in Hell but the bitter Agonies of Despair.

I intreated my dying Friend, that if he was thus persuaded of what Hell really is, and what it is not, he would be so good to his dear Soul, as to repent of his Errors and go out of the World with a steadfast Faith; for the Arm of Mercy (tho' late) would be extended to him, as it was to the Malefactor upon the Cross. Remain (says I) a Trust in Jesus; there is still Balm in *Gilead*, and a Physician there.

CHRIST said, I did not come into the World to save the Righteous, but to pardon the greatest and worst of Sinners.

TOLD him, that tho' he had committed the Crimes of ten thousand Reprobates, yet the Merits and precious Blood of Jesus was a sufficient Sacrifice to atone for all. Thus I argued with him till the Time of his Dissolution; his Senses were very quick in all his Pains, to the very last Instant. I continued with him, and sat down, to see the Struggles between Life and Death, between Soul and Body. I could scarce support Nature to behold his Agonies of Despair, and how wishfully he look'd in my Face; as much as to say, Can't you now save me from the Wrath to come? Can't you now hide me in Oblivion, where Vengeance may not find me? There was fixt in his Countenance an Air of Atheism, a Man forsaken of God. Just before he expired, the Bed, in which he lay,

shook under him, his Joints were loosen'd, his Knees knock'd one against another, and all the Parts of his Body were in a continual Agitation; his Face seem'd inflam'd with the Heat of Passion, and in the Moment his Spirit took its Flight into the invisible World, there remain'd as it were such a Picture of Horror, that it is even impossible to be express'd by Words, or conceived in Thoughts. All that I can say is, it sufficiently argues what dreadful Agonies of Despair a Soul is in, that cannot repent, and call upon his God for Mercy.

I HAVE a strict Command laid upon me not to publish this Gentleman's Name, he being descended from a noble and religious Family; and there are others of the Name who may be apt to resent it as an Indignity; besides, he committed such Offences as ought not to be retained in the Memory of his Descendants. The Scene of his Youth was virtuous, modest and religious; but his middle Age so irregular, that it can scarcely be parallell'd.

EXCLUDING his Vices, his natural Parts and Endowment were so extraordinary, that they rendered his Conversation agreeable to Persons of the highest Rank and Quality. And at any Time when he conceal'd his atheistical Principles, his Discourses were very polite and pleasant, they charm'd the Ears of those he convers'd with; few Gentlemen of Quality having ever attain'd to greater Perfection in the Art of Speaking; but when his Arguments were levell'd against Scripture and Reason, they were easily confuted as *Atheists* generally are. It is very disagreeable to me, in the Conclusion of my Discourse, to mention that there are now a Set of Men who argue contrary to their own Sentiments, highly opposing those Truths which they can't but be convinced of in their own Thoughts, whenever they take a Survey of the Works of Nature, and inquire into the Power of the Divine Essence, there to see his mighty Acts in every little Plant, in every despicable Weed or Blade of Grass, in the least Creature that creeps upon the Earth there we may behold the Face of God, they shew the Wonders of his Creation beyond all Contradiction. Do but look thro' a magnifying Glass, there you may see Multitudes of living Beings upon a green Leaf or the Bloom of a Plumb; can this be the Effect of natural Causes only? Is it not the Energy of God that guides and directs all? I here challenge the whole Council of modern *Atheists* to disprove one Point, with all their Philosophy and Reason.

I MUST deliver my Thoughts; I wish there were no *Atheists* that now wear the Robes of Orthodox Divines, and appear in our Churches and Cathedrals, and there officiate all the Ceremonies of Christianity at the Altar and in the Pulpit.

I DARE not inquire into the Strictness of their Lives, nor run thro' the Scenes of their Profaneness; But this I am certain

and can confirm it with my dying Breath, that for many Years together I have had frequent and familiar Conversation with the most principal as well as the inferior Clergy of our establish'd Church, and I have found many of them sound in their Faith and in their Doctrine, strict in their Lives, humble in their Demeanour, and exemplary in their Conversation.

A P P E N D I X.

WHEN the Sun hath undergone her total Eclipse, the Moon and Planets veiled in Darknes, the Elements melted away as Wax, the Stars fallen from their high Order and drop down as mighty Showers of Hail, and the Earth reduced to its original Chaos; as soon as all these created Beings are vanish'd and hid in Oblivion, then the Scene of Hell will be presented to the whole Audience of the Wicked that ever breath'd upon the Face of the whole Earth, the Prison Door will be open'd, the Condem'd must enter in. Upon this the Divine Essence will withdraw, and the Gate of Heaven will be shut up from their View.

WHAT is the Fire there? Cries and Sighs. What is the Worm that never dies? The Loss of Heaven and Glory. What is the Smoak of the bottomless Pit? Howling and Lamentations. What are the Flames and Brimstone there? The Stings of an accused Conscience. What are the weeping, wailing and gnashing of Teeth there? Deep Groans and Agonies of Despair. These are the everlasting Fires; these the Burnings in Hell: No other Flames appear in those gloomy and cloudy Regions.

IF the Scenes here presented of Hell are not soon answer'd by the Protestant, Greek or Romish Church, my Doctrine will be henceforth establish'd as Orthodox Divinity.

IHAVE drawn up my own Vindication, and appointed it to be publish'd in one Month after my Decease, to acquit myself of those Calumnies rais'd upon me by vile Incendiaries; they have laid Crimes to my Charge that I know nothing of. I have sign'd and seal'd my Wrongs in my last Will and Testament, in the Presence and Sight of my God, that knows the Secrets of Hearts.

From No. 3. in *Little-Ailiffe-Street, Goodman's-Fields.*
Sabbath-day in the Morning, *Oct.* 26.

CHA POVEY.

A Catalogue of what Points I have wrote on and published.

THE Orthodox Faith. Instances of Mortification. The Suffering of the Primitive Christians. The Penitent Thief upon the Cross. The Nature of Humility. The Duties of Honour

Honour owing to God in his Sacraments, in his Word, in his House, on the Sabbath-Day. The Stress to be laid upon Ceremonies. Meditations on the Lord's Supper. The Sufferings of Jesus. The Shortness of Man's Life. The Vanity of a mortal State. The Scenes of Mortality. A Description of the Solemnity at the Funeral of *Mary* the Second, Queen of England. Divine Breathing at the near Approach of Death. Representations of the sharp Pangs of Death. Reflections on human Mortality. An Allusion to the Coronation of the unfortunate King *James* the Second. A Parable of a voluptuous Epicure. The Advice of a dying Man to his Friends. A Relation of a certain Doctor at *Paris*, whose Corpse rose three several times on the Bier, and cry'd out with a dreadful Voice that he was damn'd. A Parable relating to the Fall of *Adam*. An Account of the Author's Sicknes, *May* 3, 1696. The last dying Words of a converted Gentleman. Remarks on the Lives of the Clergy in the *Romish* Church. The Original of Bishops and other Church Elders. An Abstract of the Lives and Deaths of the ancient Fathers. The Lives of the Apostles. The Folly of Intemperance and Drinking. The Pleasures of a Country Life. A Structure of Plays and Dancing Schools. A Persuasive to Moderation among Protestants. A Parable of a retired Life in a Country Seat. A Description of the Variety of Plants and Flowers. Reflections on the Mortality of Princes. Arguments to prove the Resurrection. The Advantage of a mortified State. A Description of the Agonies of a human Body at the Point of Death. The Countryman's Advice to his Wife and Children at his last Farewell: His Dying Speech. The Advantages of Solitude, confirm'd by several Passages of Scripture. A Descant upon Commotions and Disorders in the Reign of King *James* the Second. The dying Clergyman's Meditations and last Address to the Collegers. The Uncertainty of a mortal State. A Descant on the various Solemnities of Funerals. The Author's Opinion in respect to the final Resurrection. The Character of a genuine Son of Christ's Church Militant here on Earth. The Qualifications required to attain Salvation. That Moderation and a universal Charity are peculiar Badges of a true Christian. That the Diversities of Opinion relating to Church Discipline is no Cause for the Breach of mutual Charity amongst Christians. A Persuasive to Love and Unity. The Impossibility to avoid the impartial Stroke of Death. Pious Resolutions on the consideration of Mortality. Advice for Unity and Concord among Christians of all Persuasions. Holy Thoughts of God manifest in Man. The Visions of Sir *Heister Ryley*. An Inquiry into the last four Years Reign of Queen *Anne*. The *English* Memorial presented to the King, Lords and Commons, in the Year 1737.

T O T H E
C O U R T E O U S R E A D E R .

THIS little TRACT contains the whole Duty of *Christians, Jews, Turks, and Pagans*. Here are laid down exact Rules to feed the Hungry, to cloath the Naked, to relieve the Sick, to release Prisoners, and to lay in Coals or other Fuel to comfort distressed Families, Widows and Orphans.

WHOEVER refuses to practise any one of these Acts of Charity, his Jesus, his God, his Mahomet, his Deities, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, the Planets, the Lightning and Thunder, will not save his dear Soul, when his immaterial Spirit arrives at the Gate, in the high Regions of the unknown World.

I OPEN the Scene with my native Country, *Great-Britain*; she is now veiled under a black Cloud; the whole Hemisphere of her Affairs presents a melancholy Prospect; there is a Disunion amongst her Subjects, Mistakes in her Councils; the Admiral's Fleet and the Forces aboard have lost their Voyage, and the intended secret Expedition, by contrary Winds, or want of prudent Conduct in the Pilots that steer the Helm of Government; her expected Victories are vanished into Mist, Vapours and Air, a mere nothing.

WINTER is come, War proclaimed, Trade dead, Provisions dear, Money scarce, and the Number of the Poor increase; they come in upon us like a disbanded Army, hungry and naked.

HAD I a Voice louder than Thunder, every Article should be publickly read at all Market-Crosses throughout the Face of the Earth, for the Benefit of all that labour under the Pain of Hunger or Nakedness; and must be relieved by Charity, or they perish and die. Their Deaths, their Martyrdoms, their Groans and innocent Blood, shall never be laid to my Charge upon account of my Silence. The Sight of Misery spins my Affections into Pity.

REMEMBER that the five Charities recited in this Work are not intended to maintain idle Vagrants, or such as practise to beg in the Streets; it is to be distributed to such as are named in the under-written List.

1. THERE are at all Times in Distress many Families, and single Persons, that are weak and sick, unable to help themselves; find out and relieve them, go yourselves and see it done. They are God's Prisoners, not Man's.

2. THERE are Numbers of handicraft Tradesmen and Day-labourers often out of Employ, and have little nothing to subsist on; relieve them.

3. The

3. **THE** Prisons for Debtors are never empty ; attend to their Cries, send your Charity there.

4. **THERE** are many that labour twelve or fourteen Hours every Week-day, and cannot earn above six or seven Shillings *per* Week, and for the most Part have great Families ; extend your Charity there.

5. **THERE** are divers Widows left with two or three small Children, that can't get Eight-pence one Day with another to support their Families ; visit and relieve them.

6. **THERE** are thousands of Youths that go to Charity-Schools for Education, whose Parents are not able to provide Food sufficient for them ; they are Objects ; bestow something to those little Ones.

7. **THERE** are Numbers of honest Servants, of both Sexes, out of Place, that are reduced very low, and have none to assist them ; shew some Bowels of Compassion there.

8. **THERE** are Crowds that come from all Parts every Spring to serve this great Metropolis, *London* ; they make our Hay, get in the Harvest, hoe and weed in the Fields and in the Gardens, and then they go to their Labour in other Countries ; oftentimes Rain and bad Weather comes on and prevents their going out to work ; in such Distress relieve them ; when they stand in the Streets, or ask for Charity at your Doors, they are not to be accounted on, look'd upon as Vagrants or common Beggars.

THE View of these numerous Misfortunes that attend Mortals the Image of their Creator, gave the Author the Thought of drawing up these Articles, to establish a general Charity in every inhabited Island, Kingdom and State.

Now the Author here presents to the Audience of the whole Universe a most humble Petition. It is a Scene of everlasting Praise to the Donors.

THE Prayer to be answer'd is this, Practise and imitate the several Charities contained in this Treatise, *viz.* Feed the Hungry, cloath the Naked, relieve the Sick, release Prisoners, and lay in Coals or other Fuel to comfort distressed Families, Widows and Orphans.

ARTICLE I. Now enters that Act of Charity of feeding the Hungry. I can't enter upon this Article without Passion and Amazement, to think of the prodigious Waste made every Day in vast Numbers of Houses all over *Great-Britain*, and other Islands and Kingdoms.

THE Poor have hitherto been robb'd and plunder'd of their just Rights and Properties, without any Thought of their craving Appetites, and the Cries of their hungry Children.

It is now, and ever was, in most Families of Worth, the Practice of Servants to fling into the Dish-Kettle or the Sink the Liquor in which Beef, Mutton or Pork, are boil'd ; this is done

tho

the' the Liquor be never so rich, and good. The Quantity thus consumed every Day, one Day with another, within the Weekly Bills of Mortality only, is computed to be at least twenty Tons. This Waste is of no Use or Service whatever in any House, except it be to save one poor Farthing *per Week* to buy Bran.

In some Families five or ten, in others one two or three Gallons of this Liquor is thus cast into the common Shore, as often as any such Provisions are dressed.

To make the Estimate of twenty Ton appear Truth, survey the following Calculation taken out of *Maitland's History of London*, viz.

Black Cattle brought to <i>Smithfield</i> Market, in	76531
the Year 1725	
Sheep and Lambs	535620
Calves	194760
The Total of Swine annually consumed	186932
Sucking Pigs ditto	52000

HERE enters one Part of the Charity ask'd for: The Liquor that is not made use of to make Broth or Soup in their own Family, that it may for the future be given to the Poor, for them to boil up with Oatmeal, Flower, Rice, Wheat, or the Raspings of Bread. This Charity will be of great Use and Benefit to People in Want and Distress, to satisfy their craving Hunger, which is a very sharp Companion, even not to be endured. Every Quart of good Liquor is worth, for this Use, to any indigent Person, one Half-penny at least, and is of the same or more Value to the Poor than so much Money. And twenty Ton, at one Half-penny *per Quart*, amounts to

Daily	42	} Pounds.
Weekly	294	
Monthly	1176	
Yearly	15288	

HITHERTO the Poor have thus been deprived of this vast Relief and Succour. This Article verifies the first Head in the Title Page, viz. To relieve poor Families without any Expence to the Donors.

My Blood chills in every Vein to think of the extravagant Waste made in Christian Families at a Time when the Land swarms with Crowds of miserable Objects, some languishing on dying Beds, some disabled by their being stricken in Years, some too young to labour, and many Thousands that can't get Work; witness the poor Weavers, and other Handicrafts, of all Arts and Sciences, in most Counties,

I AM morally certain I could prevail with a *Jew*, a *Turk*, or a *Heathen*, to bestow this Charity that costs nothing, and must be given to the Poor, or thrown away.

I AM sure this Favour a miserable Miser can never refuse to grant; for it adds no Gains to his Chest or Coffers, and cannot be kept in his House without Annoyance.

ARTICLE II. THIS Article is not introduced for the Sake of vain Applause, or to register the Author's Name to After-ages; it is brought in out of absolute Necessity, or the whole Work must die in the very Embrio: It is enter'd to prove Truth and real Fact as clear as the Planets that rule in the celestial Regions; nothing less will now take or be imitated in this polite Age.

THE Author had every *Saturday*, and sometimes oftner, all the last Winter, a Copper full of Provisions drest, of some Sort or other, for the Service of his poor Neighbours that had no Money to purchase a Meal; it was either sent to their Houses, or they came to receive it themselves, as soon as it was taken out of the Copper. To make the Experiment, seven Stone of Beef was boil'd and distributed as aforesaid. The next Day the Liquor, in which that Beef was boil'd, was made into Pease-Soup, and, with the Pease, produced ten Gallons and a half *Winchester* Measure; no better Soup could well be eat or sold to Gentlemen in any Tavern or Eating-House, tho' the Price is Two-pence, and in some Places Three-pence a Porringer, for little more than half a Pint, Wine Measure. This ten Gallons and a half of Soup made a Meal, without the Beef, for no less than fourscore and four Men, Women and Children, and every Person had a full Pint, *Winchester* Measure, to their own Share. This Dinner, they said, was to them Meat, Drink and Cloth; and the whole Charge of the Pease and Firing amounted to no more than one Shilling and Nine-pence, which is fourscore and four Farthings only. It was the Strength and Goodness of the Liquor that was of the principal Value and Use to the hungry Multitude.

Now what a Monster in Nature the Author would have appear'd, had he suffer'd his Servants to throw that Liquor into the Dish-Kettle or Sink, which was of such great Support to that Number of People in the cold and hard Season.

GOOD GOD! what a trifling Charity had it been to have distributed one Shilling and Nine pence in Money amongst fourscore and four Persons!

ARTICLE III. HAD every Person received Two-pence in Money, to what Place could they have gone to have got a better or so good a Meal for that Money? This Soup was ready prepared

pared for them, just fit to eat, they lost no Time in dressing, nor were at any Expence for Firing.

ARTICLE IV. AT Two-pence each Person, the same amounts to no less than fourteen Shillings; and there are but few Donors that carry their Charity so high as to give so much Money in one Day, neither will the Times afford it but in few.

THIS Article verifies the second Head in the Title Page, *viz.* That Three-pence makes a Dinner for twelve Persons, and one Shilling and Nine-pence gives a Meal worth fourteen Shillings to satisfy fourscore and four.

ARTICLE V. IT is now most humbly intreated of every House-keeper, and other Person in plentiful Circumstances, that for the future when any Butchers Meat be boil'd, and the Liquor not made use of in their own Houses, they would be so good as to engage their Servants not to waste or fling the same away as usual, but to make it into Pease-Soup; the Charge of Pease and Firing comes to no more than one Farthing a Pint; then let your Neighbours fetch it from your House, or send it to them; there is no Place vacant of real Objects in any Neighbourhood. If you have never yet taken notice of such, now for Jesus Christ's Sake inquire them out, they are truly worthy of this Charity, many of whom are too modest either to ask or complain.

WHAT *Christian*, what *Pagan*, in this or any foreign Nation, that will not expend Two-pence to prepare eight Porringers of Soup to eight poor Mortals, wasted with Misery, nay even turn'd to Skeletons, little more than the Appearance of walking Ghosts. There are many such that can't walk, or go out to relate their sad Story.

THERE are vast Numbers hid from the Eye of the World that are as miserable as ever *Lazarus* could be, they would be glad of the meanest Scrap that falls from rich Men's Tables, and can't obtain it. I compare such stony Hearts to *Dives*, recorded in the Parable in sacred Writ, they fare voluptuously every Day, without a Thought or Concern for their starving Fellow-creatures.

I HAVE seen a Clergyman of the Church of *England* so famished as to pick up a Piece of Bread in the Street, and eat it with a strong Appetite.

CHANGES attend Divines as well as Laymen, Princes have been laid level with the Peasant that threshes in the Barn.

CONSIDER, for Jesus Sake, how many poor Mortals fell Sacrifices to Want the last Winter. I will now speak the Sense of my Mind; those industrious Families and Persons that for the future shall perish with Hunger, Cold, or Nakedness, their Deaths and their Blood will one Day be laid to the Charge of all those that have

Ability, yet will not open their Hands and Hearts to save the Lives of those who must otherwise be a Victim to their Cruelty and Inhumanity.

FORTUNE is a fickle Mistress to her Courtiers, her Frowns lay them low, and her Smiles raise them up; one Year I have seen her greatest Darlings swim in Streams of Plenty, and the next they have been plunged in Streams of Want.

To conclude this first Part of my Treatise, read the under-written Account; here cast up if it allow'd, That twenty Ton of Liquor, in which Beef, Mutton and Pork are boil'd, is now wasted and cast away, as of no Use, every Day, one Day with another within the Weekly Bills of Mortality.

THEN it will appear, that one Penny Expence will make two Quarts of Pease-Soup, worth Eight-pence, as it must be granted and that it is of the same or more Value to the Poor than so much Money; if so, what must the Poor have really lost for want of this very Article being publish'd before, and what Relief will it now be to them, viz.

TWENTY Ton (at two hundred and fifty-two Gallons to the Ton) at Three-pence Half-penny *per* Quart, amounts to

Daily	--	--	--	--	--	294	} Pounds.
Weekly	--	--	--	--	--	2058	
Monthly	--	--	--	--	--	8232	
Yearly	--	--	--	--	--	107016	

FOR want of this Relief the Poor have extremely suffered, and many (it is to be thought) may be said to have perished and died.

FOR what is better or more nourishing, either in Summer or Winter, to revive or succour a poor weak languishing Spirit, than a Mess of hot Soup made of strong Liquor, in which any Sort of Butchers Meat is boil'd.

MAY this Treatise spread throughout *Great-Britain*, and from thence be convey'd to foreign Parts, to be recorded there, that the Work of Charity in particular may never die till the last and final Period of Time.

F I N I S.

The heavenly Host
tune their Harps
at offering up
Sacrifices of
Charity; not one
jarring String is
then heard in all
their Songs.



Good Works stand
as beautiful
Monuments or
Statues of Brass,
to perpetuate the
Donors Names to
the last Period
of Ages.

ARTICLES

TO ESTABLISH in Every

Inhabited Island, Kingdom and State,

AN OFFERING UP A

Weekly Sacrifice of Charity:

The Money to be applied by the Donors, to Cloath the NAKED, relieve the SICK, release PRISONERS, and to lay in Coals or other Fuel, to comfort distressed Families, Widows, and Orphans, in long and tedious Nights, and in Days short and cold.

THIS Piece is dedicated to every Speech and Language, and whosoever will be saved it is necessary that he hold these Articles as one of the principal Acts of his Faith; without this all other Works are dead.

To paint Acts of Charity in proper Colours was ever agreeable to my Temper and Genius. I must upon this extraordinary Occasion be guided by the exact Lines of Mercy and Pity, or the Curious will say the Picture is not drawn according to the Original.

HERE is now presented to the World a most beautiful Scene, a Sacrifice that will stand as the fixed Stars in the Firmament of Heaven, to perpetuate the Names of the Donors to the End of Time; and in the moment their immaterial Souls shall be stript

into a naked Spirit, and set on Shore in the invisible Regions, they will be cloathed with shining Robes of Immortality, and range through all the unlimited Paths of Glory.

THIS beautiful Scene of Charity in a Christian Nation, may direct *Jews, Turks, and Pagans* to imitate and copy after, according to their Laws and Customs.

To obtain the acceptable Sacrifice here proposed, it is most humbly intreated of all that own a crucified Christ, or that have any Bowels of Mercy or Pity for miserable and distressed Mortals, to conform to the several underwritten Articles.

ARTICLE I. EVERY Person that hath One, Two, Five, Ten Thousand Pounds a Year, or more, in real or personal Estates, Annuities, Salaries, Pensions, Merchandize, Trade or other ways, to lay apart (exclusive of all other Charities) Six-pence weekly out of every Thousand Pounds a Year coming in.

ARTICLE II. THOSE that have under One Thousand Pounds, to set apart out of every Hundred Pounds a Year, Three-pence *per Week*.

ARTICLE III. THOSE that have only One Hundred Pounds a Year, to set apart Two-pence *per Week*.

ARTICLE IV. AT Fifty Pounds a Year coming in, One-penny *per Week*.

ARTICLE V. ALL Degrees under that Denomination One-half-penny, or even One-farthing *per Week*, according to their own Discretion.

ARTICLE VI. As for those that receive Alms, or are very indigent, their Petitions presented every Day at the high Tribunal will be accepted as a sufficient Sacrifice.

THUS every Rank and Degree may act their Parts either by Charity or Prayer.

THE Sacrifice thus offer'd, to be put by itself in a Closet, Library, Box, or Draw, as may be thought most proper by the Donors.

THIS Money to be called the Poors Bank, to be distributed by the Donors, either Monthly or Quarterly as they think fit; this to be done in time of great Extremity, when Hunger, Thirst, Sickness, Imprisonment, or Nakedness require it.

LET this Contribution be put into the Poors Bank every Sabbath-day in the Morning before you go to the Temple of God; this done and performed, I say, if there is a Jesus that reigns in Heaven, and a Divine Providence that governs upon the Face of the Earth, this Morning Sacrifice will be attended with a secret Blessing in the Sermons you hear, in the Petitions you put up; it will wait upon you in the ensuing Week, in your Merchandize, in your Shops,

Shops, in your Work, and Day-Labour, and in all that you do or take in hand, that is worthy of Praise. Peace will be with you when you go to Rest at Night, and when you rise up in the Morning your Mind and Thoughts will be more serene and composed, your Conversation will be more agreeable and genteel. This Sacrifice will refine your Morals and your Language, beautify your Stile, and sweeten your Temper.

OFFER up this Sacrifice to God but for one Three Months, and I will venture my Life, and all that I possess in this World, that at the Expiration of that Time you will vow to perform this Sacrifice of Charity every Sabbath-day in the Morning, to the End of your Life.

As to this Donation, it is so small and withal so worthy of Praise, that I am morally certain to have my Petition answer'd, tho' all the *English* Nation were profess'd Deists or Atheists: In them I should find Bowels of Mercy and Pity, by only presenting to their View the melancholy Scenes I am now going to draw.

AND here I convey my Readers serious Meditations into the dark Cells and Grottos of indigent Families, and single Persons worn out with Famine, Nakedness, and Cold: There they will see Variety of miserable Objects sit silent in the deepest mourning-Fit, for the Contemplation of every Spectator: There they will behold Images, the infused Breath of the Almighty, lie upon Straw, and Flock Beds, nausome Prisons, in low Cottages, in damp Cellars, and cold Garrets; many of which have not One Penny to comfort their dejected Souls, and the craving Wants of their crying Children.

THERE new-born Babes hang upon their tender Mothers Breasts, and find no Milk there, by reason of their extreme Sorrow, and the Showers of Tears that distil from their Eyes: These live unregarded and unrelieved. They impatiently wait for the Hour, when the Messenger of Death may come and draw his Mantle of Darkness over all the Parts of their Naked Bodies, so that their Foreheads distil Drops of dewy Sweat, that immerse their pale Face and wan Cheeks with a strange kind of Baptism: Then they are glad that they are going down to rest in Peace in the Dust of the Earth, the Charnel-house of all Flesh.

WITHIN the Cities and Suburbs of *London* and *Westminster*, which are called Towns of Riches and Plenty, there are many Thousands of Families now live for Weeks and Months together, and eat nothing but dry Bread, and drink nothing but fair Water. This is their Repast, in their Pilgrimage through this World to the Grave.

THIS Scene that I have drawn, of Mortals wasted with Misery, cannot but melt the Affections of Adamantine Hearts, and oblige them to offer up this weekly Sacrifice of Charity.

SHOULD

SHOULD this Petition be granted, and become general, the Miseries here represented would in a great Degree be extinguish'd and thousands and ten thousands of Christians would be relieved every Day, according to their several Cases and Circumstances. Then we should hear no more Complaints of Families that are too modest to crave Charity either in secret or in publick.

THESE weekly Sacrifices will send the Benefactors abroad, to make Visits to Prisons, to Cottages, to Cellars, and to Garrets. Then Coals or other Fuel will be sent in, to comfort distressed Widows and Orphans, in long and tedious Nights, and Days short and cold.

THO' I can truly say I have oppress'd my Thoughts, and wasted my Spirits, in composing the Articles above recited, yet I am intent upon the Subject of Charity, that I cannot lay down my Pen, till I have recommended to this and future Ages one Article more, and that is, for all that are possess'd with plentiful Fortunes, (having no great Families to take care of) to enter into their Wills, Legacies to be distributed after their Decease for the Uses herein recited. This Sacrifice, offer'd in the Days of Health and Prosperity, will bring Peace and Joy in the last Moments of Life, to such generous Benefactors to Christ's Poor: This will record their Names in lasting Remembrance, after they are entomb'd, and laid in mournful Silence.

Do you ask what will be the Reward of any one or all of these Sacrifices offer'd to God on the Christian Sabbath-day in the Morning? I answer, that the whole Body of the sacred and Blessed Trinity will meet your departed Spirits at the Gate of Glory, and say, that for as much as you did it to the least Disciple, it was done to the Three undivided Persons that hath neither beginning nor end of Days.

I WAS just going to say, that those that offer up these weekly Sacrifices to God, tho' their Sins, at the time of their Departure, were as criminal as those of King *David's* the Royal Prophet, yet they will scarcely be deny'd Entrance into the Paradise where Saints and Angels inhabit.

HERE I will enter a beautiful Description and Example of Charity, in a single Gentleman, not possess'd of above three Hundred Pounds *per Annum*, who drew up an Obligation in writing, and set his Hand and Seal to it: The Contents of the Manuscript were to this Effect: " Oh thou God, and my Jesus, I am by thy
" Providence made Steward of a plentiful Fortune; and thy Re-
" cord, entered in Sacred Writ, lays a strict Command upon me to
" distribute some Part of my Inheritance for the Use of thy Poor.

" I NOW here assign over one third Part of my Yearly Income,
" to be given and distributed, the first Day in every Month, to
" Objects

Objects worthy of Charity, and after my Decease I bequeath my whole Estate for the same Uses."

THIS Bond or Obligation, that he thus sign'd and seal'd to his God, he laid in his Bible, upon the twenty-fifth Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel: And when he lay at the point of Death, the very last Hour of his Life, he lifted up his Hands and Eyes, with an Extasy of Joy in his Countenance; and they that watched with him that Moment heard him speak these Words softly to himself: "Oh my God and my Jesus, I set apart a small Share of my Portion to relieve thy Images, that labour'd under adverse Fortune, and I am now coming to thee to receive both Principal and Interest from thy own Hands, in thy Everlasting Kingdom."

THOSE that will not now offer up a small Sacrifice of Charity on the Sabbath-day in the Morning, may come to remember me with Regret and Tears at the time the King of Terrour comes to pay his last Visit at their Bed-sides, and to deliver his Message, that the Breath of Life is near expiring, as they may find by his Harbingers; that is, when their Knees are cold, their Hands stiff, their Heart pants, their Fingers bent, their Pulse low, their Animal Spirits sinking, their Speech hollow, Teeth set, Jaws fallen, Lips pale, their Apartment dark, and the Physicians going off with Regret.

ART thou a Christian? Offer this Sacrifice on the Sabbath-day in the morning; it will translate thee to the Haven where thou wouldst fain be, to those shining Islands, surrounded with immaterial Spirits, saying *Hallelujah, Hallelujah* for ever.

ART thou a Jew? Offer up this Sacrifice upon thy seventh-day in the Morning; it will send thee to thy God *Jehovah*, who will pardon thy Unbelief in the *Messias*, and receive thee into his own Palace enlighten'd with morning Stars.

ART thou a Turk! Offer up this Sacrifice in thy Temple early in the Morning, and thou shalt be admitted to accompany thy Prophet the great *Mahomet*, in those flowery Gardens water'd with the Evening Dew.

ART thou a Pagan? Offer up this Sacrifice in the Morning to thy Deities the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, Lightning and Thunder; when thou shalt be taken up into their own Regions, there to wander about at thy Pleasure through those vast Territories, where there are Inhabited Worlds to be seen one above another, not as yet known to us in this little Globe of Earth.

THE Unity united into one and the same Godhead inspired the Author with the first Thought of this universal Charity, on the Sabbath-day in the Morning, and the last Pages were revised for the Press upon the Sabbath-day in the Evening.

MAY every living Mortal arrived at the Years of Discretion now solemnly vow (as they expect to thrive and prosper in this World,

World, and hope to be eternally Happy to the Period of endless Ages) to offer up their Morning Sacrifices to the Deity they owe and worship, upon the Days they set apart to pay their Adoration in their Temples.

THESE Sacrifices, offer'd up to God on the Sabbath-day in the morning, by those that believe in a Crucify'd Jesus, will entertain them in the Day-time with Delights and Pleasure, and be as it were a Concert of Musick to attend them at Midnight whenever they awake.

AND in the Dawn of the Resurrection, every Soul that appear'd array'd with this Christian Charity, will rise as a Bride, dress'd in shining Apparel, to meet him whom her Soul loves: Then you will enter into the Cities of God, as a fragrant Flower just blown, and come forth out of the Clift of its Wood: There you will spend Ages in the Morning of that Everlasting Sabbath-day, that hath no End, nor Night, nor Evening: There your Sacrifices will be endless Songs and divine Hymns, join'd and united with the whole Audience of Heaven, in the Cathedral and Church Triumphant that is higher than the Firmament, and beyond the fixed Stars.

WORKS of MERCY

Establish'd

By a General CONTRIBUTION

FOR the Relief of distressed Families, who are too modest to crave Charity either by private Addresses, or publick Petitions. This Foundation receiv'd its Original from Manuscripts wrote by *Charles Povey*, Gent. who proves the Creation to be the Works of God, in a Conference he had with a great Proficient in the School of Atheism. Then the Author treats on Acts of Humanity to the Image of the Deity; and shews, that before his Works appear'd in View, the Value of One hundred thousand Pounds *per Annum* was cast into the Streets as Waste Water: Had that been preserved, and the same Value in Charity added to it, it would have provided Provision for the Indigent worth Eight hundred thousand Pounds every Year, and that Provision as good as what is now sold to Gentlemen in Taverns and Eating-houses.

This Donation which was thus thrown away, and esteemed as nothing, now relieves Multitudes; and should any for the future consume that Charity to no End, they deprive the Poor of their just Property, and starve them; which, if there be a God that Reigns, they must account for.

The second Work of Mercy establish'd from the Author's Thoughts, is a Sacrifice of Charity offer'd up every Sabbath-day in the Morning, for the Support of the Sick, the Aged, and the Naked. This Offering is of a high Order,

order, and esteem'd to be a Kind of a sacred Ordinance, an Emblem of receiving the Sacrament at the Altar for the Remission of Sins. The Sacrifice thus offer'd is from one Half-penny to one Pound, according to every Person's Ability; the Mean throw their Mite into this Treasury before they approach the holy Temple, that a Blessing may attend them that Day and the following.

A Divine of the Church of *England*, in a Charity Sermon he preach'd in the City on the 10th of *Jan.* last, he there quoted the Author, and went thro' every Page as the Copy runs in the Article of the Sacrifice. At this Sermon there was collected Eight Guineas more than what was ever known to be done at that Church on the like Occasion. It is now assur'd from the principal Inhabitants, that one third Part of the Parish offers up this Sacrifice every Sabbath-day in the Morning as an Atonement.

The Third Work of Mercy is founded from an Example the Author gives of a single Gentleman, an Instance never before printed. It is as beautiful a Piece as ever was recorded in any History sacred or profane. His Virtues have prevailed with many to give Donations during Life, and leave annually after their Decease for the Use of such who lie wasting in Misery, and dying in extreme Want.

These Works of Humanity are contain'd in the Treatise entitled, *Torments after Death*. Price 6 d. The Pilgrims Retreat from *Sodom* to *Canaan*, wrote the same Author, is entitled, *The Virgin in Eden*, or, *The State of Innocency*. Price 1 s.

To the End Acts of Charity, and an undefiled Life, may now be establish'd in this and other Kingdoms and States, it is intreated, that Persons of Ability will purchase a Number of Copies, and deliver them to industrious Men to sell in their respective Neighbourhoods; The Money they thus advance will be repaid by those they entrust. The Method made use of by the Person the Author employs, is thus: They deliver out a printed Copy of this Abstract one Day at reputable Houses, and the next call for it again, and then peruse the Treatises within mention'd. Shou'd the said Copies be dispers'd throughout this Island, Thousands of distressed Families and miserable Objects in every County would be relieved, who are now oblig'd to live conceal'd from the Eye of the World, in low Cottages, cold Garrets, and damp Cells, even starv'd and naked: Their Repast is little more than Midnight-meals and Noon-Tears.

Those Persons who shall be so good to publish this Work, they will pay only Nine Shillings and Four-pence for a Quarter of a Hundred of one, and eighteen Shillings and Nine-pence for a Quarter of a Hundred of the other; the Shillings in the Pound being allow'd to those who sell, or give away the said Treatises.

Upon directing to the Author at his House, N^o 3. in *Little Ayliffe-Street*, *Goodman's-Fields*, any Quantity of either of these Treatises, with Copies of this Abstract, will be sent to any County or Place as shall be directed, Postage paid.

Those who want a less Number than a Quarter of a Hundred, may have them of *J. Roberts* in *Warwick-Lane*, or of the People who sell Pamphlets, or deliver out daily News-Papers.

Should even Deists, Misers, or Adamantine Hearts, who flow in plenty, and will not now constantly perform some one of these Acts of Charity, they may come to think with Regret and Terror of me the Author, at the time

when the melancholy Messenger delivers them his last Summons, and draws Mantles of Darkneſs over all Parts of their naked Bodies, ſo as their Foreheads diſtill drops of dewy Sweet, that immerſe their pale Face and wan Cheeks with a ſtrange kind of Baptiſm.

The Works of Mercy here recited are ſuch Sacrifices, that in leſs than one Century may come to be offer'd up, known and practis'd by every Speech and Language, not within the Circles of *Europe* only, but in every Part of the *Jewiſh, Turkiſh, and Pagan* Dominions.

The Author here ſolemnly declares, that he expects no Reward in this World for his Pains and Labours, or ever will receive to his Uſe, any Profit ariſing from the Sale of theſe Works; every Farthing of that, with Part of his own Fortune, will be claim'd by two hundred Miniſters and Tradeſmens Widows, and Charity Children, as their juſt Right and Property. Which will appear from his laſt Will and Teſtament, order'd to be printed in one Month after his Deceafe. This is not told to the World out of Vanity, but to acquit himſelf of Acts formerly laid to his Charge by perjur'd and vile Incendiaries which he never knew any thing of, or even ſo much as once enter'd into his very Thoughts. God, who ſearches the Secrets of Hearts, knows this is Truth, with the Article that he takes no Gain coming in by the Sale of his Copies.

At this time Nine Shillings and Four-pence laid out in the Treatiſe on the Works of Mercy, and given away within the Weekly Bills of Mortality, or in any other Cities or Towns, it will be a ſtanding Charity to the Poor to the laſteſt Ages, and bring the Donors Peace in their laſt and dying Moments.

King's-Arms Tavern, St. James's, Nov. 8, 1740.

Order'd to be publiſh'd. PRESENT Several of the Nobility, Members of Parliament, and other Gentlemen.

We have read the Sheets entitled, *Torments after Death, dedicated to the Proteſtant, Greek, and Roman Churches.*

The Arguments in the Conference with the Atheiſt, and the Articles upon Acts of Mercy, we recommend as excellent Pieces, High and Rational, of general Uſe, and worthy to be tranſlated into all Languages.

It is requeſted of ſuch who ſhall purchaſe one, or both of the ſaid Treatiſes, that they will bind them up with ſome of their other Works printed in 8vo.

The AUTHOR upon *DEATH.*

Taken from his *Manuſcript*, wrote in *Seventeen Hundred and Four.*

I come now to convey your ſerious Meditations into the dark Shades of the Grave, where you will find all things drefs'd in the deepeſt Mourning, fit for the Contemplation of every ſincere Chriſtian: There you may behold various Scenes of Mortality, and fetch a few Sighs near your own Tomb, dreſſing your Soul in order for its Departure out of this Vale of Tears, where your Body muſt take a long Sleep in the ſilent Vault of the Earth. St. Auguſtine was ſome time deſirous to ſee the Corps of a dead Emperor, after it had ſuffer'd all the Diſhonour of Corruption,

the Space of six Months ; a dreadful Spectacle indeed ! to behold the rot-
 Flesh and Bones of a great Monarch, full of crawling Worms, and
 turned to Putrefaction, so that his meagre Countenance and ghastly Looks
 must needs affect the Soul of that pious Bishop, with Surprise and Wonder,
 and incite all to break out into some such Expressions as these.

“ Lord, what a vain Thing is Man, how short is his Life ! Here lies a
 Prince, that a few Years ago was but a Stripling, unacquainted with
 State Affairs ; Is it possible that he should become so refin’d a Politician,
 to rule many Nations with so much Grandeur, and to raise himself
 to so high a Station as that of an Emperor, or Cæsar the Great ? Is all
 this Splendor over in so short a time ?

Where are the Guards that us’d to attend him in all his Pomp ? Here’s
 nothing to be seen but a swarm of Worms, feeding on his putrified Car-
 case, and crawling into every Vein : Where are those quick and sparkling
 Eyes that could discern the most remote Objects, and penetrate into the
 most Recesses of the Heart ? Alas ! here are only two venomous Toads
 creeping out of the Casements of those Windows that were lately so clear
 and fine. What’s become of all his sumptuous Attire ? I see no Remains of
 but only a few Tatters of a rotten Winding-sheet, pierc’d thro’ with a
 thousand Breaches, which that vast Army of Worms made, when they
 m’d his Carcase, to see what rich Plunder could be found in so curious
 a Fort, well stor’d with the most delicious Sorts of Provisions. Where is
 that Imperial Crown beset with resplendent Jewels, that made it glitter
 in the darkest Night, like the twinkling Stars of the celestial Globe ? Here’s
 nothing left to set off the Crown of this Scull, but a few long Hairs, and
 dry’d Skin. Where’s the Golden Sceptre that fill’d his Hands ? Here’s
 nothing now within their cold Grasp, but a little mouldering Earth :
 Where are his Velvet Slippers ? Here’s nothing on his Feet ; but the damp
 mounds of Clay : Where are all the refin’d Notions of Arbitrary Power, that
 used to affect his strong Brain, and arise from an aspiring Mind ? Here’s
 nothing but an empty Scull, whose Brains are all dry’d up, and all his
 sublime Thoughts quite lost and vanish’d.

Where are all the Palaces and stately Piles of Building, that afforded a
 place of Residence for his Royal Person ? Here’s nothing but a dark Cave,
 where his Body lies entomb’d in dismal Silence ? Where are all the shady
 walks and Groves with all the various Notes of that winged Quire, that
 used to frequent those delightful Bowers ? Here’s nothing but a mournful
 silence to entertain his Corps ? Where are all his spacious Rooms of State,
 beautified with the finest Paintings ? Here’s nothing but black Walls of Clay
 lined with Sheets of Lead. Where are all his fragrant Smells and Beds of
 roses ? Here’s nothing but a noxious Damp rising out of the Earth that is
 infected with his Corruption, and a Bank of Dust, where Vermin breeds.
 Where are all the florid Speeches made by the Ministers of foreign States,
 with their earnest Sollicitations for a firm and speedy Peace ? The gnawing
 worm shews no respect to his Person, and has no regard to his late glorious
 Majesty ; neither will there be any Truce concluded in these dark Regions.
 Where are all his haughty Looks and lofty Expressions of Revenge
 against his Enemies ? Here’s nothing but a ghastly Face and dry’d Tongue,
 that cannot utter so much as one Word or inarticulate Sound : Where are
 his Largesses of Honour and pleasing Smiles ? Here’s nothing but the
 marks of Disgrace, and a frightful Grin. Where is his fine Sedan in which
 he

he was carried about with so much State; and where is the clamorous Noise of the People that applauded his Conduct? Alas, here he lies in an ill shap'd Coffin, whilst they that so lately cry'd him up for a God, have forgot his Splendour, and are bestowing their flattering Caresses on a greater Tyrant than himself. Where's all his luciferian Pride in the public Theatre; with all his vain and sinful Delights? Here's nothing left but a loathsome Carcase, on which the Worms are feasting themselves, and will never leave off gnawing, till his Flesh is quite consum'd and his Bones lie bare; then those crawling Animals will remove their Tents and seek for another Prey where Death has made a later Victim.

You that are the World's Favourites, who admire its empty Sound and pleasing Toys; come and take a Turn with me, amidst the Tombs of Emperors, Kings, and Princes, and I'll shew you their Vaults, as also how they liv'd just to your Age, and then departed this miserable Life. Art thou an Infant of a Span long? here lies *Catherine*, the eighth Daughter of King *Charles I.* who died as soon as she was born: Art thou eight Years old? here lies a Prince of *France* that liv'd just so long: Art thou in the blooming Youth, in the seventeenth Year after thy Birth? behold the Tomb of King *Edward VI.* who expir'd at the same Age: Art thou a young Man of Twenty-five? here lies one of the Emperors of *Germany* who liv'd no longer: Art thou come up to the thirty-third Year of thy Age? here's the Sepulchre of Queen *Mary II.* whose virtuous Life could not exceed that Period: Hast thou attain'd to the Age of Fifty-one? here lies the Body of the most valiant King *William III.* of immortal Memory who submitted to Destiny in that Year of his Age: Art thou aged sixty-eight? come and read this Epitaph; Here lies the Body of that unfortunate Prince, *James II.* who was born *October* the 14th, 1633, and departed this mortal State *September* the 5th, 1701.

Thus these Princes came to the several Stages of Life, and sooner or later yielded to the impartial Stroke of Death; therefore set not your Mind on any worldly Enjoyments, which are nothing but Vanity and Vexation to the Spirit: For what's Beauty but a fading Flower, or what's Gold but yellow Dross? What's a Crown but a Sparkle of Envy in the Eyes of those that have it not, and a heavy Burthen to those that enjoy it? No Diadems are without their Dissatisfactions, nor Scepters without their Foils; a depending Battle is ever uncertain of Success, and Peace is too often a deceitful Friend. Our more advanced Years are attended with Aches and Pains, and end in the Grave; and perhaps too their Misery is encreas'd by being over-loaded with the Sins of our Youth. That Person is in a happy State, who makes a due Preparation for Death in the time of his Health, and lives in the prudent Consideration of it to the Day of his Departure: Blessed is the Man who makes Religion the Rule of his Life, and orders his Conversation according to the Model of the Sanctuary; for when he lies down to die he will find the Fruits of such a holy Disposition; and when he sleeps in the Bed of Dust, his good Name will be more fragrant than all the Indian Spices, or most precious Ointments: There is no Art or Science in the World so difficult, as the Method of living and dying according to the strict Rules of Christianity; they that are Masters of this divine Art, know how to steer a steady Course thro' all the dangerous Gulphs of a vain World, and at last bring their Vessel safe into the desired Haven of everlasting Rest: they enjoy a profound Peace of Mind as long as they live, and after Death are entomb'd in the Grave of their Dear Redeemer.



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